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On the King's Highway.

A TRUE STORY.

(Elizabeth Norton in 'Friendly Greetings.')

We loved to go to Hillfield, Janie and I, for our home was in a close London street, and Hillfield was on Salisbury Plain, where the sweet air blew fresh and keen, and larks innumerable sang in the sunshine, and cloud-shadows, which I loved to watch, swept over the foldings and unfoldings of the solemn, lonely downs.

We loved to go to Hillfield, Janie and I (Janie was my twin-sister), for in that roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse our dear mother was born, and here still lived our grandmamma, a venerable, white-haired lady who looked as though she had walked out of a picture; everything about her was so peaceful and restful, that it almost seemed as though Time itself stood still.

At Hillfield, then, Janie and I usually spent our holidays, and pleasant holidays they were; but one thing we missed greatly, that was our Sunday-school class, from which we rarely stayed away—we loved it so.

So on Sunday afternoons grandmamma tried to make up for our loss by giving us a little Bible-reading in her own parlor—a sunny, dear old room, full of curious and ancient things which smelt so sweetly of dried roses and lavender when the windows were closed, and of all the perfumes of the garden when they were opened.

The very first Sunday we were there, on our last visit, grandmamma wished us to read the sixty-fifth of Isaiah. Such a glorious chapter as it is, we had got nearly to the end of it, and Janie read the twenty-fifth verse.

'How can that be?' said she. '"While they are yet speaking I will hear." If that is so, grannie dear, miracles must always be happening.'

'Doubtless it is so,' said grandmamma, slowly and thoughtfully. 'Ah, my children, I remember long ago, when I was quite a girl, and the old century was but young.'

'What happened, grannie?' said I.

'I will tell you. You have often heard me speak of your great-uncle Richard, my favorite brother; but I can never tell you how good he was, truly a man of faith and prayer.

'It was cold weather, and near upon Christmas. My mother and I were anxious about Richard, for it was a wild and stormy night, and he was unusually late in coming from market; still, we knew he would not feel the cold, as he had that day put on, for the first time, a new thick riding coat, and his mare, Brown Bess, was sure-footed and steady.

'We expected him to reach home by nightfall, and at seven o'clock there was no sign of him. Mother got very uneasy; the night was so dark, and the wind shrieked and blew over the lonely downs which he must cross as though it would blow him away.

I LEFT A LITTLE LATER THAN I EXPECTED TO DO.

'Presently we heard the sound of wheels, and someone calling, and we flew out.

'Farmer Attwood's gig was drawn up at the wicket, and down from it, wrapped in some of the farmer's clothes, got Richard, looking like a ghost.

'"Oh!" cried I, as I held up the lantern, "what is the matter? What have they done to you, Dick? Where is Brown Bess?"

'"Softly, little maid; one thing at a time," said Farmer Attwood. "Dick is all right, Mrs. Basset, and he will tell you his own tale; 'tis too cold to keep the horse standing about, so good-night all. Good-night, Dick, my lad, I'll see you to-morrow."

'As soon as Richard was rested a bit, and had some warm bread and milk he was able to tell his story.

'"I left market," he began, "a little later than I expected to do. I had been hindered one way and another, so that it

was nearly dark before I got across the mare to come home. I rode along light of heart, for I had sold the wheat well. All at once, when I was in that gloomy bit of road just before you come to the chalk pit, I heard somebody call upon me to stop, and quicker than I can tell you, four or five men set upon me. In an instant one stood at the mare's head, and I was off her back and gagged. It was no good to struggle—what was I among so many? Yet, gagged and bound as I was, I had a weapon, for I cried mightily in my soul to the God of Heaven, and like a flash the blessed words came to me: 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

' "Somehow I had little fear, though the robbers were very busy. They each seemed to know what part to take in the task of stripping me, even to the cutting the laces of my boots and taking them off; all the while using threats, and most fearful language at not finding much money in my pockets.

' "Suddenly, all in a moment like, they seemed to hear something, and made off as quickly as they came, leaving me gagged and stripped to my shirt by the roadside. But God had heard my prayers; my life was spared, and I was not hurt at all. I did not wait long in that sad case; I speedily freed my mouth, and just as I had done so, Farmer Attwood drove by.

' "Terribly scared he was at first to see a man in my condition in such a night of weather too. He took me for a ghost, but I soon made him understand; and he was a real good Samaritan to me. He wrapped me is his own coat, and helped me into his gig, driving me to his house, where I got into these clothes.

' "The mare hadn't gone far, she seemed waiting for me, and is now safe in Farmer Attwood's stable. The rogues had stripped her of saddle and bridle."

'We listened to Richard's story in frightened silence, which mother broke with a tearful, "Thank God, oh, thank God for all his mercies!"

' "Yes," said Richard, solemnly, "while I was yet speaking, he heard. My God sent his angel and delivered me from the power of evil men. Mother, let us praise him."

'Now, do you wonder, children,' said grandmamma, 'that Janie's text tells me a story, or rather, reminds me of this instance of God's ever-present, ever-powerful love?'

'No, indeed,' said I.

'And I shall always remember, too,' said Janie, softly.

There is a tendency to depreciate the value of Sunday-school teaching nowadays, says the Rev. H. Griffith Jones, of Balham. In many churches it is very difficult to secure the necessary staff of teachers, and many of those best qualified for the work are prone to look down upon it, and prefer their ease to the call of duty. And yet, is there not something unique in a teacher's opportunity? The minister has a more intelligent and responsive audience, but he addresses people whose character is already more or less formed, and he has to penetrate through many integuments of custom and prejudice ere he can reach the heart; whereas children are plastic, impressionable and retentive, because of their very immaturity.

A Brand Plucked From the Burning

(D. T. Hutchinson and E. T. Hutchinson, in New York 'Witness.')

Who can imagine the terrible degrading effect of alcoholic poison on the human family; it deadens all the noble and exalted aspirations, kills love for everything that is good and pure, and leaves its victim a slave to all the baser passions that a lost soul is subject to, and eventually sends the tortured wretch to a drunkard's grave and his soul to a Devil's Hell.

'O God!' cried the missionary, as he stood by the loathsome object that had suggested these thoughts, 'help us to save some of these deluded souls from the tempter's snare.'

It was Saturday night. Meeting had closed at the Mission Hall, No. 1902 North Sixth street, Kansas City, Kansas. Several precious souls had found peace in believing in the only name given under Heaven among men whereby we must be saved, the shouts of the saints had been answered back by the glad hallelujahs of them that rejoice in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, and we were about to close up the mission for the night, when one of the most pitiful looking objects I ever saw came staggering it at the door, ragged, dirty and drunk, his eyes bleared and bloodshot, his gray hair hanging in tangles around his bloated face. He fell on the floor screeching in the clutches of the terrible delirium tremens.

We got him to bed for the night, but O, what a night! At intervals this victim of hellish designs screamed to the devils to let him be until he was dead, and in his sane moments cried to God not to let him die in that awful condition. All night long the mission workers lay on their faces and prayed their way through to victory. Morning dawned, and with it came a change in the condition of the poor delirious, lost and soul-tortured man. He drapped off into a quiet sleep and we knew God had heard our cries.

As we were preparing for the eleven o'clock service he arose from his couch as weak as a child and as penitent as the Prodigal. After partaking of some refreshments he came into the mission-room where, under the burning words of the God-endowed wife of the missionary, his heart melted, tears stole down his besotted cheeks, and the pent-up agony of his heart found vent in groans that came from its inmost depth.

An altar-call was given, and with trembling step he approached the penitent form and there he cried his aching, throbbing, breaking heart out to God, and that Savious who never turned away from the cry of a broken and a contrite heart came, and with one sweep of the bleeding hand blotted out the past record and said, 'Thy sins, though they were many, are all forgiven thee,' and I will 'remember them against you no more forever.'

Oh, how wonderful. In a moment a whiskey-besotted, rum-bloated vagabond changed into a child of God; made an heir of Heaven.

But, stop! He is rising to his feet. Where are the bloodshot eyes and bleared face? All gone. See how bright his eyes shine, and there seems to be a halo of glory in his face. But he is going to speak. There is a deathlike stillness in the crowded hall. The tension is great.

'I was born in the city of New York seventy-six years ago,' he said. 'My parents were quite wealthy. I received a complete education, graduating from the best college in the State of New York. My father died shortly after I came of age, and left me eighty thousand dollars. I became a skilled mechanic, and at different times had charge of the mechanical department of several of the leading railways in the United States, at a salary of from five to six thousand dollars a year. I married a beautiful girl, and love crowned our home with as complete happiness as usually falls to the lot of man. In the course of three years two bright boys came to enhance our joy.

'Five happy years sped by. Wealth came at every touch. A beautiful home, a happy wife and children, who would ask for more? On the fifth anniversary of our marriage we gave a grand party. No wine had ever been in our home or passed my lips, but some of our friends said it would never do to have a party without wine. How my wife pleaded and prayed that it might be dispensed with, but I laughed at her fears and kissed away her tears; but would to God I had listened to her warning words.

'Wine was ordered, and for the first time I was carried to bed drunk; but it was not the last time. That night I took into my bosom the accursed demon that has been the bane of my life, has swept away my fortune, taken my home, my wife and boys, and left me the forsaken wretch that these good people took into their mission last night, and for whom they fought the powers of darkness all that long night.

'And to-night, this Sabbath night, up through the fog and mist and tears (of joy), while I have lost everything else I have found the peace of Jesus, and the love of God is abounding in my heart. I can hardly make myself believe but what thirty-six years of my past life are some terrible nightmare. I see trees like men walking, but I know in whom I have believed, and he will keep that I have committed to him. Pray for me, that I may resist and overcome the appeite for drink.' Amid the sobs and tears and shouts of 'Amen,' the old man sat down, a look of settled peace had taken possession of his face, and as we took him by the hand in brotherly greeting amid the hosannahs and hallelujahs of rejoicing saints, I turned to my faithful companion and said: 'Thank God, one more brand plucked from the burning.'

All teaching for children should be concrete, pictorial, imaginative. Abstractions and generalities glide over the child-brain like water off a smooth surface, but if interest is aroused by some definite incident, picture, or fact, there is some chance of impression and retention. At the same time, mere anecdotal teaching is bound to be superficial; and the habit of some teachers to spend their priceless time in 'telling stories' is debauching to the minds, and debilitating to the characters, of their scholars. Sunday-school work is a serious matter, and can only be done well by keeping in full view the practical end of it all. —The Rev. B. Griffith Jones.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Daniel Bond, the Pioneer

('Temperance Record.')

One winter afternoon, now about forty years ago, three men bearing the stamp of mechanics were trudging through the snow along a well macadamized road in the west of England, that forms the highway between two cities. They had come to a turn-pike, and were opening the smaller gate to pass through when a woman standing at the door of the house accosted them.

'Be one o' you, Dan'l Bond, might I ask?'

'Yes,' said the elder of the company, 'that is my name.'

'And you be goin' to a teetotal meeting at Broadstone (pronounced Braadstwon), baint 'ee?'

'That is our intention,' was the reply.

'Then don't 'ee go now; for there be a lot o' th' farm-house chaps about, and brewer's men, as is goin' to make a caddle at th' meetin'. They says as they don't want no teetotalers about there an' they intends to roll 'ee in th' snow.'

'Indeed!' laughed Daniel, 'but you don't think that after walking a half dozen miles we are going to be frightened away with a snowball.'

'It's no laughing matter, sir, for th' farmers an' th' passon be dead set agen' teetotalism. You see, sir, th' teetotalers have never had meetin's here afore, and th' farmers says you ain't goin' to have it all yer own way now, not if they knows it.'

'It is quite true, we have never had a meeting in Broadstone, because we have been unable to obtain a room, but Farmer Cam has lent us his granary, so we shall hold a meeting, come what will. How far is Broadstone from here?'

'About a mile and a half, sir, you turns down this lane, and follows it till you comes to th' church. There's a big yew tree in front o' Farmer Cam's, and th' granary is close by. A nice man he is; don't play tricks on a poor pike woman like many o' th'-young farmers do.'

'We are much obliged to you. Are you a teetotaler?'

'I can't say I be, sir, at leastways not now, but I know'd Mester Passons o' Ebley as is not long gone. I was a girl in his school, sir, years ago, but Ebley is miles away an' I've never bin there since. I hopes you'll have a good meeting.'

'Thank you.'

They trudged up the lane as directed and came at length to the village, and passing by the village public-house they noticed several ill-looking men lounging about a blacksmith's shop hard by. Daniel Bond walked up and looked in at the window.

'Halloo, mate!' he called to the blacksmith who was forging away in not the best of tempers, 'things don't seem over smooth; what's th' matter?'

'Enough's th' matter I should say, wi' yer man off on th' drink an' three hosses waitin' for their shoes.'

'That's a bad job, mate. Now I've got an hour to spare, so if you'll lend me an apron we will soon have these shoes on.'

'Be you a shoein'-smith?' asked the man with a keen look, for of course no smith would allow an amateur to take his horses in hand.

'You wouldn't need to ask if you knew Daniel Bond.'

'Be you Dan'l Bond?' in amazement.

'Yes.'

'Th' best shoein' smith atween Gloster and Bristol! Come along.' And in another minute Daniel's coat was off, his shirt sleeves turned up, the apron on and he working away to the astonishment and admiration of the rustics.

'Come along, you two,' he said to his companions, 'you can blow the bellows.'

They worked on for some time, Daniel shoeing the horses with a skill and dispatch that proved him to be a master of the craft. The hour of meeting was drawing near when Farmer Cam looked in at the forge, with a long face and greatly distressed. 'We expected three gentlemen to speak at a meeting to-night, but they haven't turned up,' he said to the blacksmith. 'I expect some of you rascals have got hold of 'em.'

'Oh, no, they haven't, farmer,' laughed Daniel, as he put the finishing touches to the shoeing of the horse whose foot he was holding between his legs, 'we shall be at the meeting as soon as we've had a wash and brush up.'

The farmer gave a gasp of astonishment and the blacksmith let his hammer fall out of his hand.

'Well, I be blowed! And I'd promised to help roll you gentlemen in the snow!'

'Well, let us have a wash first, mate, and a cup of tea, and then we shall be ready for you,' and Daniel laughed again.

'We've got tea waiting for you at our house, so you had better come with me. As you did a good turn for the blacksmith, perhaps he'll do a good turn for you, and come to the meeting,' said the farmer.

'That I will, and humbly ax his pardon. If he can talk teetotal as well as he can shoe a hoss, there must be somethin' in it.' And the blacksmith proceeded to mop his face with a large handkerchief as he delivered over the newly shod horses to the lads who were waiting for them.

As the three friends were crossing the road to their tea in company with Farmer Cam, a policeman touched his hat to them.

'I've had my eye on these young fellows as was likely to be troublesome, but they'll be all right now.'

'Thank you, policeman,' said Daniel, 'are you a teetotaler?'

'Not exactly, sir; but I knows Mr. Sam'l Bowly, for I was once stationed at Gloucester.'

They walked on to Farmer Cam's, where the good wife was waiting to pour out tea. He quaintly introduced them—

'I've found the truants, mother.'

'I'm very glad, I was afraid something had happened. Where did you find them?'

'In the smithy, shoeing horses; leastways, Mr. Bond was, and the other two were blowing the bellows,' and the farmer heartily laughed.

'What can you mean, Mr. Cam?'

The farmer explained as they sat down to tea, saying afterwards:

'You must know, friends, that we are not teetotalers, although we are truly glad to see you, but we know Mr. Handel Cossham, as owns th' pits down Bristol way. What are you smiling at?'

'Well, sir,' said Daniel, 'it is a curious circumstance, but three times we have heard a similar remark since we left home. The woman at the turnpike said she was not a teetotaler, but as a set off against her short-coming in that direction, declared that she knew the late Benjamin Parsons. The policeman outside informed us just now that he was not a teetotaler, but had been stationed at Gloucester and knew Samuel Bowly. And now, sir, you inform us, while affording generous hospitality, for which we are truly grateful, that you are not teetotalers, but knew Handel Cossham.'

'We have clearly condemned ourselves, John,' said Mrs. Cam. 'Having known these good men, and in some measure come under their teaching, if we are not teetotalers, then we ought to be; that is what you would say, is it not, Mr. Bond?'

'Madam, you have spoken,' said our friend. 'I was thinking, however, what a marvellous influence these three noble temperance pioneers have exerted throughout the whole of the Severn valley. Every man and woman who have known them are willing to confess it.'

'I go with you entirely,' said the farmer, 'only some of us don't forget what a hard hitter Handel Cossham is, especially when he gets on politics. And so it used to be with Benjamin Parsons, by all account.'

'That is so,' said Daniel, 'and perhaps Samuel Bowly gives heavier blows than either of the other two.'

'Indeed, Mr. Bond,' replied Mrs. Cam, 'I can't conceive of dear Mr. Bowly hitting anybody.'

'Perhaps not, madam, in a physically pugilistic sense, but in another sense I felt his blows years ago, though he always wore gloves and laid a man on his back in a Christian-like way. I, and many others, have lived to praise God for the blows that made us teetotalers. We are proud of these three Gloucestershire temperance pioneers, to whom the whole country is deeply indebted.'

'So say we all,' was the united response. The granary in which the meeting was held was on the upper floor of a substantial two storied building ajoining the road, and reached by a flight of stone steps. Besides a few chairs and forms, the farmer had extemporized other seats out of sacks of corn and various articles that were collected about the premises, and being lit up by tallow candles fixed on the sides of the walls, the room looked business-like if not ornate.

The room was crowded with villagers, for the previous exploits of our friends in the smithy had so excited their curiosity that they had all come as with one consent to see and hear the 'teetotal speakers who could shoe hosses a sight better than th' old blacksmith.' A more successful advertisement they could not possibly have had.

There was no formal chairman, indeed, the whole proceedings were of a very informal character, but none the less interesting on that account. After opening with a verse of a popular melody and a short prayer, they were about to commence speaking when the blacksmith asked if he may be allowed to say a word.

'I wants humbly to ax th' pardon o' these gentlemen, for when they came to our smithy this afternoon and helped me out

o' th' main caddle I was in, I'd no notion as th' man who gave me the best lesson I ever had in shoeing a hoss was goin' to spake at a teetotal meeting. We allus thought teetotallers was poor miserable critters as could do nothin', and was only inclined to make fun on 'em. Why, some of us chaps thought o' rollin' these gemmen in th' snow to-night, but I fancy if we had tried it on th' fun wouldn't a bin on our side. Why, you should ha' seen 'em handlin' th' hammers! I never thought teetotallers had such arms as they've got. I humbly axes their pardon, and will be very glad to listen to anything they ha' got to say, and if there be any chaps as behaves as they didn't ought to they'll ha' to reckon wi' I, so now I'd' tell 'ee.'

When Daniel got up to speak he was received with a burst of cheering. He spoke to them as a working-man and a blacksmith, and referred to the great advantages he had derived from teetotalism. How he had benefited in health, pocket, body and soul. 'You know I'm a shoeing-smith and not ashamed of my trade. (Cheers.) Years ago I used to shoe hosses for other men, but when I became a teetotaller and began to save the money that used to go in beer I was soon able to shoe hosses for myself; and now I am able to employ other men to shoe hosses for me. (Cheers.) Now, if you young men will get to work on similar lines you will not only be able to work better for other people, but in course of time you will have some chance of being able to get other people to work for you.' (Great cheering.)

Daniel's companions addressed the company after a like fashion, one speaking as a saddler, and the other as a navvy. They made capital little addresses, and were greatly cheered.

Once more the blacksmith stood on his feet. 'I only wishes my man, Billy, 'ud listen to what ha' bin said, I never heard anythin' like it afore, but I be afeard he's too drunk.'

'Oh, n-no I b-beant, mester,' stuttered Billy, standing up as an evidence of his sobriety.

'Ah! Billy, if you'd only sign th' pledge as Mester Bond tells 'ee, it 'ud make a man of 'ee.'

'I will, if you will, mester, so there.'

Our friends clapped their hands most vociferously, which set the whole room cheering. The blacksmith was rather taken to.

'I didn't count on this, Billy, but if they can do wi'out th' beer so can we; so come along, Billy,' and master and man signed the pledge there and then.

This is an account of one of the many meetings held in country districts of the west of England forty or fifty years ago. Many a mile these brave pioneers trudged through snow and rain to reach some out of the way village, and many a mile to reach their homes again after the meetings were over, brightening their weary journey by singing as they went along the praises of God in temperance melodies. Few, if any of them, are now left, but they are not forgotten, and never will be.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Child's Logic

('Methodist Recorder.')

A luxuriously-appointed dinner-table, the touch of wealth everywhere, and of taste, too. Sparkling glass, shining glass, shining silver, fragrant flowers, sheeny damask, round the board a number of handsome sons and daughters, whose dress harmonized well with the other appointments, and at its head the sweet-faced mother. No wonder that Mr. Meredith, the master of the house, looked round with an involuntary thrill of satisfaction and pride. But he seemed unusually weary with his long day in the city, and was content to leave the talk to the younger members of the party, and right merrily it flowed, Mrs. Meredith sometimes contributing a bright remark; but her glance frequently turned to the foot of the table, and rested somewhat anxiously on her husband, who was generally the soul and centre of the social brightness.

As the meal proceeded, however, his air of languor and preoccupation passed away, and when, with the placing of the dessert, the door opened for the entrance of his youngest child, his voice had its old, hilarious ring as he called her to his side. Such a fairy-like, winsome maiden of six years, the pet and plaything of the whole family, and many a detaining hand was outstretched as she made her way to her father's chair.

'Bravo, Muriel. Proof against bribery and corruption, you see,' he said, triumphantly, as, disregarding the bait of grapes and bonbons that were held out to her, she bounded on to the paternal knee and nestled there in great content.

'Father's himself again now that he has got his sunbeam,' laughed Maud, one of the two older daughters; 'he looked so gloomy through dinner that I was afraid he had made a very big bad debt.'

'And that would be too terrible just now,' exclaimed another of the girls, 'when we shall be wanting to choose so many Christmas presents,' adding, with a merry glance towards him, 'I hope he will not forget my love for pearls.'

Mr. Meredith's face clouded again.

'Pray let there be no more hints of begging to-night,' he said, in an irritable tone; 'I'm perfectly sick of it.'

Then, seeing the surprised look on the faces around him, he continued more quietly:

'I am afraid I have not been myself to-night, and I hope your mother will excuse me; but I have been badgered for subscriptions to-day until at last I really lost my temper, and I fear the last comers had scant courtesy.'

'It is rather unfortunate that the collectors cannot arrange to leave Christmas week free,' Mrs. Meredith said, gently; 'but, George, dear, it cannot make much difference to you. You would know that they had not been paid, and the cashier would have attended to them.'

'But there are two or three new ones to-day—well, two at any rate—and the fellows who came were so persistent that I was obliged to grant them an interview, and as I said before, I got quite cross, and told them that a man should be made of money to respond to all the appeals of the present day, and that I thought the charitable public would not be satisfied until they had landed me in the Bankruptcy Court.'

'Poor dad,' said his eldest son, a bright-faced lad of twenty; 'but I'm afraid, sir, my sympathy is with the collector. I once had to beg for our football club, and I know I nearly chucked the whole thing up; it was such beastly hard work.'

'Well, I wish others would chuck it up, as you so elegantly remark, Jack,' said Mr. Meredith, 'for I'm tired of the whole thing. It's giving, giving from morning till night, and no one can stand it.'

Mrs. Meredith at that moment rose from table, her expressive face plainly showing distress at her husband's tone. She remembered the days in their earlier married life when they lived simply and inexpensively on a comparatively small income, but when her husband was rich towards God, and gave gladly and freely both in coin and labor towards the building up of his kingdom. Now luxury abounded, but love to the Highest waxed cold.

Muriel had been sitting very quietly on her father's knee busily cracking filberts for him and herself, but following at the same time, as best she could, the tenor of his remarks, which evidently touched her sympathy, for she more than once lifted her hand to stroke his cheek with the tender words, 'Poor papa!'

Now at the word from her mother, she kissed him good-night, and ran to her nurse, who was waiting for her at the door.

Half-an-hour later, as Mr. Meredith was crossing the hall to the study, the nurse came towards him.

'Miss Muriel is fretting a good deal upstairs, sir, and I think she wants to see you. She won't tell me what is the matter.'

Mr. Meredith was soon by the side of his darling's little bed, and found her lying with a very tear-stained face, but trying bravely to keep back her sobs. It was such an unusual thing for the bright and remarkably placid-tempered child that her father's anxiety was roused at once.

'What is it, birdie? Tell me, darling.'

'Oh, father, will you take me in your arms; I'm so mis'able,' and as he wrapped her up warmly, and as he took her on his knee, she poured forth her tale of woe.

'I have not said my prayers to-night, father.'

'Why not, my darling? It is not like my little Muriel to forget them.'

'Oh, I didn't forget them all, but'—and the child paused—'I didn't want to trouble dear Heavenly Father. I always thought before that he liked to be asked for anything, just as I thought you did, dad; and then you were sorry to-night, and nearly cried, poor dad, because you had to give so much, and you are so good, and so'—and the poor child floundered hopelessly in her bewilderment—'and so I was afraid God would be tired of giving to me.'

'I'm always asking him, you see, dad,' she went on, as her father, in his surprise and confusion, remained silent, 'and just think what he's given me! You and mother, and the dogs, and my canary, and all my toys, and my lovely home, and everything, and'—with rather a shame-faced air—'I wanted to ask him about the Christmas presents, and just now everybody will be troubling him, and I'm al-

most certain sure he'll be getting tired, so I thought I mustn't tease him, and I never went to bed without my prayers before, and it was dreadful when Nursie turned the light down; it seemed as if I hadn't said good-night to God, and I do love him so much!'

Dear little Muriel, she could keep back her sobs no longer, and her father was alarmed at the strong emotion that shook the little childish frame.

But sorrow sobbed out in a loving father's arms soon loses its sting, and he was able to comfort her with words that cut deep into his own soul as he uttered them, telling her the old, old story of a Heavenly Father's infinite love, of his tireless delight in giving even when it meant the keenest sacrifice, and in order to satisfy the merciless logic of a child's clear insight, he had to incriminate himself, and confess that father was cross and tired to-night, or he would not have complained of so many calls on his purse.

'Then it won't make you very poor, will it?' Muriel asked anxiously.

'No, dear; I think I shall get over it, and still have money left to buy a pretty Christmas present. So now you must say your prayers, and never, never be afraid of tiring your Heavenly Father.'

And then, when the little heart was quieted by the restored confidence in communion with Heaven, Mr. Meredith went slowly downstairs, walking as a man in a dream, and, entering his study and locking the door, he had it all out with himself.

His soul had gradually become encrusted with the thick clay of money-loving, but he was essentially honest, and now that, by the hand of his child, the searchlight of the Holy Spirit had been flashed upon his conscience, he did not attempt to dissemble or cloak his backsliding before the face of his Heavenly Father.

Even in that crucial hour the business instinct was strong upon him, and sitting down, he wrote very rapidly for a time, and then, lifting the sheet, looked at it with contracting brows.

'Fifty pounds! That is all I can remember having given this year out of an income of thousands, and I gave that amount when I had £500 a year! I thought I could not afford more, with all the expenses of my family, made extravagant and self-indulgent, poor children—by my unwise ambitions. Dastard that I am! I have used God's liberality to me as a scaling ladder to a position in which it is difficult to keep up even the gifts of my poorer days, but I have given grudgingly, complainingly, to him who gave his Son for me!' And falling on his knees, the old powerful, prevalent appeal went up to the loving Father, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

There was a movement at the door, then a gentle knock, and Mr. Meredith rose to admit his wife, and in a few broken words he told her of the revelation that had come to him, and of his shame and penitence, aye, and of conscious forgiveness.

'It was Muriel who did it, bless her! She had understood some of my wicked words to-night, and reasoned that if I was tired of giving, God must be tired too; and well he might! But his compassions fail not. But by his grace I shall be a wiser man in the future, and will not try again to rob God. And you will help me, Margaret!'

'Yes,' she said, softly, with shining eyes, 'I have been very uneasy of late at the luxury of our life, and the increasing taste of the children for pleasure, and so I have been praying very specially, and this is the answer, dear husband, and even out of difficulties that are self-made God will clear our way, now that we are willing to follow his fully.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

'Mollie.'

(By S. A. C.)

A ferret is usually a fierce little animal, about the size of a small black squirrel. Many of them have pink eyes; that is, generally, the light-colored ones. I know of an instance where one was a pet, and will give you her history.

My brothers were very fond of hunting rabbits during the winter and spring, and bought a ferret to assist them, and one day they with a friend took 'Mollie,' as we called her, and put her down into the holes, where she would drive them out, so they could catch or shoot them, until they had sixteen rabbits. This was fine sport, but 'Mollie' was lent to some neighbors' boys, and when she found a rabbit, killed it herself, and could not be induced to come out; she ate until she was satisfied, and curled down for a nap. The boys waited until they could wait no longer, and dug down into the frozen earth until they found her. She was not very gentle then, and they had to be careful in picking her up, or she would have bitten them; but at home she was so cunning, and would play with baby, running up to her, then when baby would try to catch her she would make a hissing sound and run backward with her back up so high that all four feet were almost together. Baby would run after her and she would hide, then scamper forth cross the room. One could not imagine a more playful little creature.

One day we could find nothing of 'Mollie.' Mother as well as the children searched for her until dark, and we concluded she was lost. But when mother went to put baby Etta to bed, there lay 'Mollie,' curled up in a ball in the middle of the bed. She had climbed up at the back of the bed and crawled under the clothing so carefully that the bed was quite undisturbed in appearance. We were very glad to find her, as we feared she had shown her 'ferret nature' and gone to visit the henhouse. We had a disagreeable experience with our neighbor's ferret, some time previous to this, when our first brood of spring chickens were all killed, and the hen would soon have suffered their fate had not her cries brought assistance.

The ferret was caught and restored to its owner, and the children dug ten little graves all in a row, and made a funeral, with the little dog 'Watch' as chief mourner. He had been so fond of watching the fluffy little balls that he did indeed mourn their loss, and whined pitifully over their little dead bodies.

'Mollie' had no such record, as in all her short life she never did harm to anything but rabbits, and they were her especial delight.

Instead of being confined in a box or pen, 'Mollie' had the liberty of the entire house except the parlor, and would sometimes visit the shop or barn, but return safely. It was difficult to keep her in, as she would slip out so quickly, when she had an opportunity. A sad fate befel our pet, however.

Mother had taken the pork out of the barrel to smoke it, and had not yet emptied the brine. 'Mollie' crawled through an aperture into the milk-cellar, and we suppose, in trying to get some scraps of meat, fell in, and was drowned.

We felt very sad when mother found her, and knew she would romp and play with us no more, so sadly we buried our dear little 'Mollie,' and although we kept ferrets after this, we could never get one so tame.

The Voice of Spring.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South—and the chestnut flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains:—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of a softer green
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

—Mrs. Hemans.

'He's Been at Me.'

A Scotch Pastor found an aged Christian looking downcast. 'Well, Betty, what is wrong with you today?' 'Ah,' replied the good old woman, 'he's been at me.' 'And what has he been saying to you?' inquired the minister. 'He's been saying to me,' replied Betty, 'that it's a delusion—that the Bible's a lie—that there's nae heaven—nae hell—nae Saviour; that I'm not saved—that it's a delusion.' 'And what did you say to him?' asked the minister. 'Say to him!' quoth Betty, 'I kent better than that; I kent there was nae use o' arguin' wi' him; I just referred him to the Lord.'

The Pity of it.

A TRUE STORY.

(Nettie Palmer, in 'Alliance News.')

Lena Drysdale was the petted daughter of a well-to-do merchant in a large town. She had come to spend a summer holiday with a favorite auntie in Slowcombe Hollow, and had finished up the usual routine of garden parties, picnics, etc., by falling in love with a young man who held a responsible position in a local bank.

Harold Randalls was certainly very charming in manner and appearance; his fair, curly hair and laughing blue eyes were enough to take any girl's heart by storm, to say nothing of his good position and prospects. He could play the violin, too, and his white and graceful hands, with their ringed fingers, never looked to greater advantage than when handling the bow and strings. But—well, there was a very big but in his case, and it was this but that made Aunt Nellie look so grave as she sat one day in the summer-house talking to her niece.

'I am sorry you take my advice in such a spirit, Lena, but I assure you I mean it for your good, and if you were my daughter I should say the same, only I should add to it what I have no right to do in your case—a distinct command, forbidding any connection with young Randalls.

'You never did do justice to Harold, Auntie, and because he is in danger of being led away by a set of fast young men I ought to stand by him all the more, and I will.'

'My dear Lena, it is your own danger I am thinking about; I know Harold better than you do. His prospects are good now, but if he keeps on as he has begun the people at the bank will not tolerate him; already he has been reprimanded.'

'Well, but Auntie, dear, that was only once, and I am sure when he has a nice home and a wife to come to, it will be very different; my influence will keep him right.'

Aunt Nellie turned away from the wilful, beautiful girl with a sigh of despair. It was of no use. The old, old story must be enacted over again and the consequences would have to be borne. It would be of no use to speak to the girl's father, for he allowed his only daughter to do as she liked, and there was no mother to restrain her. Aunt Nellie was the only friend who cared to warn her, and warn her she did most faithfully, for she knew how often Harold spent his evenings at a so-called 'Gentleman's Club,' and had gone to the bank in the morning with trembling hands and clouded brain. The only safety for him lay in total abstinence from drink, but that he disdained as being beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

Lena would not listen to a word against him; his love for her would cure everything, she thought.

'I believe Aunt Nellie wanted you for one of my cousins, Harold, and she is jealous of me,' pouted the foolish girl.

Harold knew better than that, for one midnight Aunt Nellie had been returning from the house of a sick neighbor, and had seen him come staggering along the lane, his hat tilted on the back of his head, and looking the very picture of drunken silliness.

As he leaned against the fence to steady himself as she passed, he had sense enough left to feel ashamed of himself, and to cause him to look very sheepish the next time he met her in society. But, of course, there was no need to enlighten Lena about all this, because it was only what any gentleman was liable to, and he meant to leave such follies alone when he was married.

And so they were wed, and everything looked bright and smiling to the foolish, wayward girl. To those who saw not beneath the surface she was indeed a girl to be envied. A handsome husband, a lovely home, and an income of £400 a year are not secured every day.

For a time Lena lived in an enchanted land, and as Aunt Nellie and her cousins did not often return her visits she gradually dropped them, feeling indignant at their coolness towards Harold.

And so it came to pass that eighteen months had passed away since the wedding day, and Aunt Nellie, in the midst of her busy life, often paused to wonder anxiously how things were going with the young couple.

One gloomy November night Aunt Nellie sat in her comfortable chair by the fire, resting and thinking, as she often did just before retiring for the night. Her face wore an anxious expression, for at a friend's house where she had been visiting that evening she had heard some rather strange remarks about Mr. and Mrs. Randalls; nothing definite, however, for as soon as the speaker became aware that Mrs. Randalls's aunt was in the room, she turned the conversation. But enough had been said to arouse the most painful apprehensions, and as she sat musing she blamed herself severely for not keeping up an intimacy with her niece. With a sigh she arose from her chair and was about to turn down the lights, when a tap at the window made her start with fear and trembling. It was a low, timid tap, but quite distinct. Aunt Nellie shook herself impatiently, as if annoyed that she had given way to foolish alarm, and, going to the window, boldly drew aside the blind. When her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness without she saw the figure of a woman, with a baby in her arms, crouching beneath the window. With a sudden certainty in her mind as to what it all meant, she rushed through the hall and into the garden, and taking hold of the shrinking figure, drew it into the light and warmth of the room.

'Lena, my dear, dear child, what is the matter? And this baby; you never let me know you had one. Why are you both out at this time of night?'

Lena's answer was to sink to the ground in a faint.

Aunt Nellie caught the babe from its mother's arms, and, seeing it was asleep, laid it on a couch, and turned her attention to the poor, exhausted girl.

In a few minutes Lena recovered, and, leaning on her aunt's shoulder, burst into tears.

'Oh! Auntie, all you warned me about has come true, and now I have nobody here but you. What am I to do? My baby and I have no home.'

'No home, my dear Lena? How can that be? Where is Harold?'

'Oh! Auntie, how can I tell you? It began soon after we were married, but I would not let you know. Harold stayed out night after night, drinking and gambling. Even when baby came he got no better, but left me to myself, and the nurse and the servants used to look at me so pityingly until I thought I should go mad.'

'Why did you not come to me, my child? You might have known I would have helped you.'

'How could I, auntie, after you had warned me so against him? I shall never forgive myself for not listening to you. Well, I must tell you all while I have the strength. Last week the crash came. Harold was turned away from the bank, and then it came out that he had not even paid for our furniture and all the pretty things I had learned to love so. Then some men came and took possession, as they call it, and to-day we found that Harold had run away; nobody knows where he is, and to-morrow everything is to be sold, or was to be, for they say that Harold had privately sold all he could to some man, and has gone off with the money. And so I came to you, auntie, if you will let me and baby stay here until father fetches us. That is all I want.'

Lena was gathered into Aunt Nellie's warm, loving arms, where for a bit she sobbed as if her heart must break.

'Oh! to think how I have loved and trusted Harold,' she cried, 'and now he has gone and left me to bear it all alone. I would not have minded being poor, but to be left alone. Oh! it is dreadful.'

Aunt Nellie's heart ached as she listened. Not a word of reproach did she give, but soothed and nursed the deserted girl as tenderly as a mother. For Lena had a long illness as a result of the shock and exposure of that dreary night. And when she recovered her father came and fetched her and her baby to her home again.

Before leaving Aunt Nellie's house she told her cousins how wilfully she had gone against their mother's advice in marrying Harold.

'I have nobody to blame but myself,' said she. 'I thought I should make him better; but, oh! girls, take warning by me, and never marry a man, no matter how you love him, until you know he never drinks or gambles, for the love of those two things becomes stronger than love of wife, or child, or home.'

And so she went away with her spoiled life, to hide her sorrow in her father's home.

And Harold, what of him? No one at Slowcombe Hollow ever saw him again. That is, no one who knew him in the old days. But one night a wreck of a man presented himself at the door of the workhouse, and asked for a night's lodging, and to the master's surprise he gave the name of Harold Randalls. But next day he went out and passed on his way. And somewhere or other he surely is realizing that as he has sown the wind, so he must surely reap the whirlwind.

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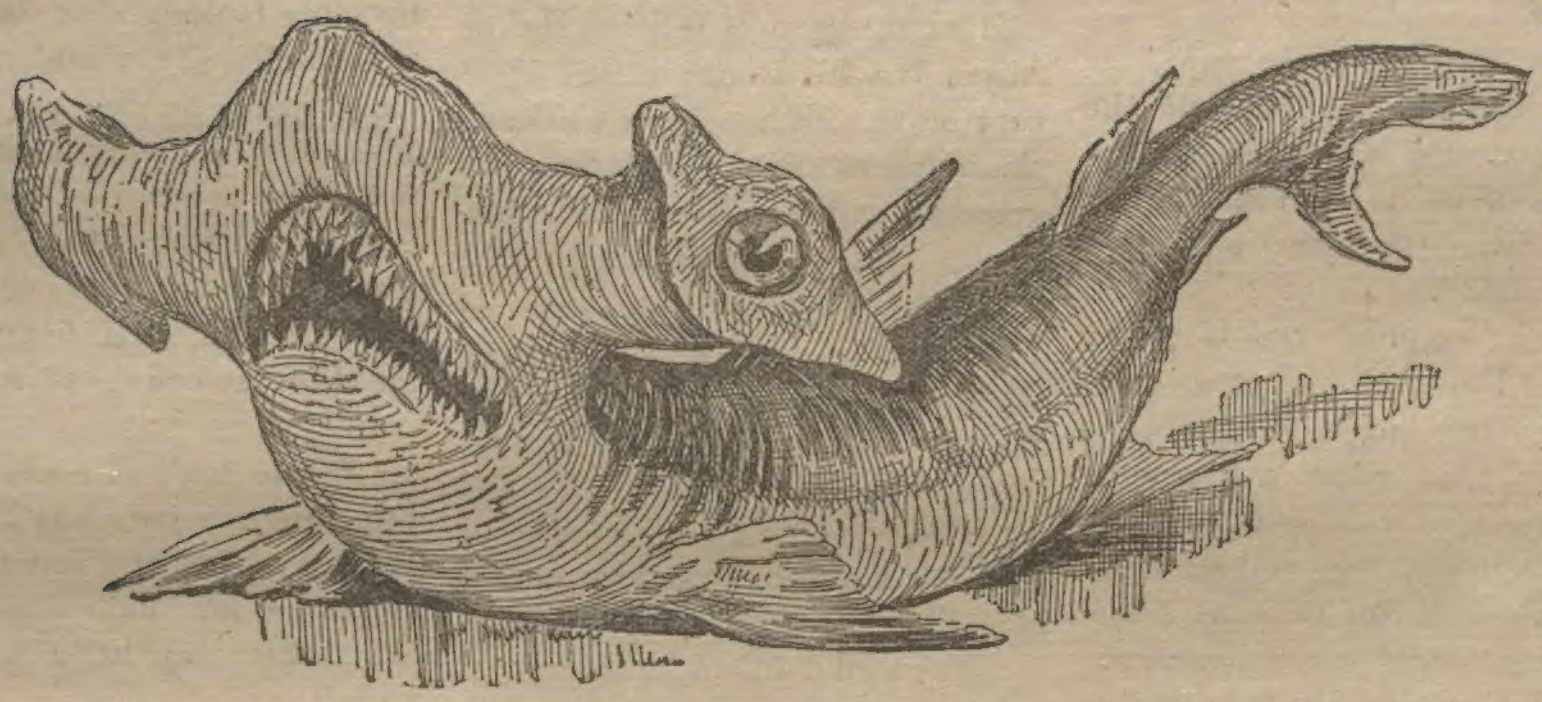

The hammer-head shark, whose picture we give, was an unusually large and grotesque member of his family. He has the strange and really hammer-shaped head developed in the most distinct manner. He measured nine feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and weighed five hundred pounds. He was caught at one of the beaches near New York. He had probably wandered up from the West Indies.

Any shark's countenance is very disagreeable, but it is worth studying if you can do so in safety. Observe its profile. It suggests the worst imaginable human face. The big hooked nose, the cruel eye and the receding chin make up a combination of features which in a man would mean that he was capable of any cruelty and cowardice.

Jump.

It was rather an unfortunate thing for poor Toby, Dr. Bindwell's little house dog, that a travelling showman with a small company of performing curs, passed through the village, greatly amusing and amazing the younger portion of the population, among whom were the four children of Toby's master, the only physician in the town, and deservedly loved and respected.

Poor Toby! He was getting old and fat, and heavy, and, besides, his form had neither the grace nor the activity necessary for a performing dog, to say nothing of the neglect of his education in time past. But all this went for nothing when Master Bob Windwell, his two brothers, Bertie and Fred, and his sister Mina, came home from the wonderful entertainment given by the showman and his four footed company, whose combined efforts had captivated the imagination of our four young people.

'Now, Toby, for your first lesson!' said Bob, placing the dog in the proper attitude for which he considered an easy jump, while Bertie stood near with a switch to enforce his brother's teaching.

'Jump, Toby, Jump!' ordered Bob, with authority, holding his arms in a tempting circle to excite the dog's ambition.

But Toby, though perfectly sweet-tempered, in spite of the somewhat rough handling to which he was now exposed, declined to show the smallest interest in the science of jumping.

'Now, isn't this provoking!' exclaimed Bob, at last, after many unsuccessful attempts. 'The dog is as obstinate as a mule! Give me that switch, Bertie; he wants breaking in.'

'Don't hurt the poor old dear!' said Mina, who was doubtful of Toby's future as a clever performing dog, and meanwhile felt rather sorry for him.

'Don't be absurd, Mina,' replied Bob, in a tone of superior wisdom. 'No dog can be taught anything without thrashing, and I won't give him more than is good for him.

In another moment the switch would have descended in some force upon Toby's back, had not the house door opened and Dr. Bindwell suddenly appeared in the little yard. His quick eye took in all at a glance.

'Ha!' said he, 'teaching that poor old dog? Stop a bit, Bob; come with me, all of you children; I want you a minute or two.'

Wondering not a little, the boys and Mina, with the released Toby at their heels, followed the doctor. He led them into the garden first, where the gardener was busy training a creeper on the wall.

'Raymond,' said the doctor, 'tell these young people how long you've been a gardener.'

'Oh, sir, a matter of thirty years or so,' replied the man, touching his hat.

'Well, would you not like to be something else, now?' said the doctor, slyly glancing at Bob. 'Say a telegraph clerk, or a sailor, or—'

'Bless me, sir,' said the gardener, laughing, 'you're a sayin' this for to make a joke for the young gentlemen and lady. Why, sir, if you was to beat me with a cat-o'-nine-tails I couldn't learn no other trade at my time of life.'

'Yes, I dare say you're right,' said Dr. Bindwell, smiling. Then he turned away, and going to the side gate, came into the paddock.

'Now, Bertie,' said the doctor to his second son, 'There's my old pony. Won't you saddle and bridle him and let me see you clear that fence and ditch in a bound.'

'What do you mean, papa?' said Bertie. You told me yourself that the Pony had never been taught leaping, and now he is too old and stiff to learn.

'Oh, did I?' replied Bindwell. 'Then Bob, my boy, I'll propose something to you. Let me see you perform some of the tricks and contortions and feats of strength and agility that you saw those acrobats do the other day. Come, now, begin, and if a little switching will help you at all, I can easily oblige you.'

Bob blushed: he was just under-

standing a little of his father's meaning.

'You know I can't papa,' he said; 'you told me yourself the other day that for these things children have to be taught very young before the muscles become set and rigid.'

'Did I?' replied Dr. Bindwell again. 'I'm glad you remember so well. But did it ever occur to you, Bob, that what was true in one instance might be true in another? Surely,' he added, more gravely, 'had you thought a moment, you would never have been so unkind to poor Toby, to whom you were trying to teach which it must have taken these performing dogs years of training to acquire. If our good Raymond can't change his trade now, nor our stiff old pony to leaping, nor you become an acrobat, why should you expect more from our little Toby? Thoughtlessness is sometimes real cruelty, and we should never be thoughtless, even of an animal's comfort and happiness. The good God who made us and the creatures around us, thinks of all the life that He sustains, and anticipates our and their wants, and so great and strong Himself, He never despises nor neglects the smallest and meanest of His creatures, nor expects from them more than is just and right. And shall we, who also depends upon Him for everything, be thoughtless or cruel toward the poor dumb animals for whom the great God cares?'

'Papa I never thought of that before,' replied Bob.

'Nor I,' said Bertie. 'We will never do so any more.'

'Poor old Toby; was I very cruel to you?' murmured Bob, taking up the little dog and kissing his rough head. 'Please forgive me.' And. more forgiving than many of us, perhaps, dear readers, Toby put up his face and gave his young master the kiss of peace.—'Sunday Magazine.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Captain Snarley.

His right name is Wilfred Henry Alton, but he is not called by it very often. When he is good and pleasant and sweet his mamma and grandma call him Birdie or Sunbeam. But when he is naughty he is called Captain Snarley.

One morning he came down stairs looking like Captain Snarley. He put his finger in his mouth. 'I des I've dot a headache,' he said.

'Have you? I'm very sorry,' said his mamma. 'Where does it ache?'

'Way round de back of it,' snarled the captain.

'I guess that you slept too long,' said the mother. 'You will feel better when you are washed and dressed and have your hair combed.' So she brought his striped stockings and the little slippers with rosettes and a new plaid frock which she had finished only yesterday. But oh, how he snarled and fussed all the time she was dressing him!

When his mother had made him look nice and neat she said: 'Now come and have your breakfast.'

But the naughty boy growled: 'I don't fink I tan eat anything 'cept a piece of mince pie.'

'I have not any mince pie in the house,' said his mother, 'and you know that I never let you eat it for breakfast. Here are some nice bread and milk in your little china bowl, and the cookies that grandma sent you.'

'If I tan't have some mince pie, I tan't eat anything,' said Captain Snarley.

'Very well,' said his mamma. So she put the things away and sat down to her sewing.

Wilfred pulled his little rocking chair near the fire, and sat a long time scowling at the stove. Presently he began to kick with his foot. He knew that his mother disliked the noise, but he did not care. She did not ask him to stop, and after a while he was tired of it himself.

Wilfred was very unhappy, and he began to be ashamed of himself. Besides he was getting hungry. He wished his mother to speak to him, but she didn't. She was sewing on a little coat, and was singing softly to herself.

Wilfred knew that the little coat was for him. Usually he liked to hear his mother sing, but now he wished that she would not look so happy when he was so miserable. The more he thought about it the worse he felt. He began to cry, but his mother took no notice. Pretty soon he said: 'Oh, dear! I wish that I tould have the nose-bleed or somefin', so somebody'd care.'

'People don't care much for Captain Snarley, anyway,' said his mother. 'I should like to hurt him myself, so he would stay away and let me keep my little boy all the time.'

'Should you prick his nose with your needle?' asked Wilfred.

'Yes, or I could whip him. I think that it would be better to whip him.'

Wilfred thought it over. He and Captain Snarley had a little fight by themselves by the stove. In a little while his mother felt two soft arms around her neck and two sweet kisses on her cheek.

'Why, here's my little rosebud again,' said she, looking down at the bright little face close to her own.

'Captain Snarley's gone,' said Wilfred, 'and he isn't tomin' adain.'

'I hope not,' said his mother.

Then Wilfred had his breakfast, and he was so hungry that he never once thought of the mince pie. Afterward he sat down at his mother's feet, and she talked to him a long time about his naughty temper. Wilfrid promised to try hard to be a good boy, and he is keeping his word.

The last time I saw his mother she said that she had not seen Captain Snarley for so long a time that she had almost forgotten him—'Southern Churchman.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

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LESSON V.—MAY 3.

Acts xxi., 30-39.

Golden Text.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—I Peter iv., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 27.—Acts xxi., 17-25.
Tuesday, April 28.—Acts xxi., 26-39.
Wednesday, April 29.—Acts xxii., 22-30.
Thursday, April 30.—John xvi., 1-11.
Friday, May 1.—II. Cor. vi., 1-10.
Saturday, May 2.—Matt. x., 25-39.
Sunday, May 3.—Rom. viii., 28-39.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

30. And all the city was moved, and the people ran together; and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple: and forthwith the doors were shut.

31. And as they went about to kill him, tidings came unto the chief captain of the band, that all Jerusalem was in an uproar.

32. Who immediately took soldiers and centurions, and ran down unto them: and when they saw the chief captain and the soldiers, they left beating of Paul.

33. Then the chief captain came near, and took him, and commanded him to be bound with two chains; and demanded who he was, and what he had done.

34. And some cried one thing, some another, among the multitude: and when he could not know the certainty for the tumult, he commanded him to be carried into the castle.

35. And when he came upon the stairs, so it was, that he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people.

36. For the multitude of the people followed after, crying, Away with him.

37. And as Paul was to be led into the castle, he said unto the chief captain, May I speak unto thee? Who said, Canst thou speak Greek?

38. Art not thou that Egyptian, which before these days madest an unroar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers?

39. But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city: and I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people.

We learn that Paul and his friends, soon after the events of the last lesson, went up to Jerusalem, accompanied by some of the disciples of Caesarea. With them there was a certain old disciple, Mnason by name, with whom the Apostle was to lodge. When they arrived at Jerusalem the brethren there received them gladly, and on the following day Paul went to a gathering consisting of the Apostle James, the brother of our Lord, and the elders of the church, among whom James was chief. After the salutation, Paul recounted to them his successful work among the Gentiles. As soon as Paul had made the report of his ministry: and the elders had glorified God for his mighty work among the Gentiles through Paul, they proceeded to remind him of the situation, how the Jews that believed were 'zealous of the law,' and that they had heard that Paul taught the Jews he found scattered among the Gentile peoples he had visited that they need not observe the old ceremonial law. What, then, was to be done? The day of this meeting was probably the Day of Pentecost, A.D. 57, and an unusually large number of Jews would be in the city at this time. Therefore, he was advised to participate in a Jewish rite. It was considered a devout act for one to join with one or more who had a Nazarite vow, live with them in the place in the temple, set apart for the purpose, pay their expenses during the days of their purification, provde the animals for the necessary sacrifices and otherwise share in the rite. If you will turn to Numbers vi., 1-21, you will find the rules for this ceremony set forth.

Paul accordingly joined himself with the four men, in the act of purification. The sevens days of the ceremony were not quite over before the Jews of Asia saw Paul and thought he had polluted the temple by taking a Gentile within it, and they created an uproar. They roused the people and laid hands on Paul. At this point our lesson for to-day opens.

It may be well to call attention to the moral right of Paul to seek to apease the Jews by sharing in an act he deemed unnecessary. Stokes says, 'Concession on little points has a wondrous power in smoothing the path of action and gaining true success. Many an honest man ruins a good cause simply because he cannot distinguish, as St. Paul did, things necessary and essential from things accidental and trivial.'

Paul's third missionary journey was now closed. The verses of the lesson deal with the arrest of Paul by the Roman soldiers. We may divide them into four parts.

1. Paul Seized by the Mob. Verse 30.
2. Rescued by the Soldiers. 31, 32.
3. Placed under Arrest and Bound. 33-36.
4. Paul and the Chief Captain. 37-39.

The place in the temple appointed for Nazarites was in the court of women, and into this no Gentile was allowed to go, upon penalty of death. The Gate Beautiful led into it from the court of the Gentiles. In verse 29 of this chapter we read, 'For they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple.'

When the outcry against him was made, the mob quickly gathered. They seized Paul, dragged him from the temple and closed the doors. There were great bronze doors, said to be sixty feet high, and so ponderous that it required twenty men to close them. They were shut now evidently to prevent any pollution of the sacred place during the uproar.

So Paul, while seeking to show his respect for Jewish law and custom, and thus to quiet their misgivings, found himself suddenly in the hands of a bloodthirsty mob.

But tidings of the trouble came to the chief captain. You must bear in mind that the Holy Land at this time wos a part of the Roman Empire, and Roman soldiers were stationed in Jerusalem, as well as in other places. At the north-west corner of the temple area was the Castle Antonio, where the garrison of Jerusalem was quartered.

The chief captain was the 'chiliarch,' or commander of a thousand men, and would about correspond to our colonel. In this case he probably had only a cohort, which would be about six hundred. When he learned that there was a disturbance in the city he took soldiers and officers and rushed to the scene. Centurions were captains of hundreds. The wording of the Revised Version, 'ran down upon them,' would indicate that the soldiers charged the mob in true military fashion. The latter, when they saw the soldiers and their commander, ceased to beat Paul.

Paul was now arrested by authority of the chief captain and bound with two chains. It is said that each Roman soldier carried with him a chain. The binding with two chains would indicate that Paul was placed between two soldiers and chained to them by the wrists. Having now arrested the Apostle, the officer turned to learn about his prisoner and what he had done, and at once a scene of confusion followed, for some shouted one thing and some another, so that it was impossible to gain anything like accurate information. This reminds us of the mob at Ephesus, and incidentally these two cases illustrate the unreliability and uncertainty of mobs. There appeared to be nothing to do now but march the prisoner to the castle, but this seemed to infuriate the crowd, who pressed upon the soldiers until it was necessary to lift the prisoner up and carry him. It might have been that his feet were fettered instead of both hands, or that in the jostling of the crowd the two soldiers and Paul, being bound together, found it difficult to get along, so when the stairs leading up into the castle were reached, the prisoner was lifted by the sturdy Roman soldiers and carried.

The people meantime were shouting 'Away with him,' just as they did when Paul's Lord was under arrest in this same city years before.

As Paul was being led to the castle, probably after he was a little beyond the reach of the crowd, he asked permission of the chief captain to speak with him. Paul used the Greek language because it was then the most universally spoken language in that part of the world.

The Bible tells us nothing particular about the 'Egyptian' here mentioned, but from Josephus we learn that he was a pretended messiah who had shortly before this gathered about him a large number of Jewish malcontents. With them were the four thousand murderers, or brigands, here mentioned. The entire company which followed the impostor was said to number thirty thousand. They were dispersed by the troops, but the leader escaped. The chief captain suspected that this Egyptian had returned and was stirring up trouble again. Doubtless the local authorities in Palestine had orders to be upon the lookout for that dangerous insurrectionist, and arrest him, if possible.

Paul now begs permission to address the crowd that he may tell the story of his own conversion and mission. Paul was consecrated to the service of Christ. It might be supposed that he would feel justified now in keeping silence and in concerning himself about his own defence, seeing that the Jews were so frantically enraged against him. But Paul was a Jew and longed to see those of his own race understand the full meaning of the Christian faith, as well as accept Christ as the Saviour of the Jews. The participation of the Gentiles, as such, in the Christian religion, was something they could not understand. Paul's address was interrupted at the point where he was about to take up his work among the Gentiles, but he seems to have been aiming at an explanation of it which should allay their fears and disarm their hostility.

Our next lesson is: 'The Plot against Paul.' Acts xxiii., 12-22. The Scripture between this lesson and the next should be carefully read.

Who can give the name of this chief captain who arrested Paul? It can be found in Acts.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, May 3.—Topic—What does the parable of the Prodigal Son teach us? Luke xv., 11-32.

Junior C. E. Topic

ABRAM'S OBEDIENCE.

Monday, April 27.—By faith. Heb. xi., 8.

Tuesday, April 28.—Generous. Gen. xiii., 9.

Wednesday, April 29.—Loyal to God. Gen. xiv., 22-24.

Thursday, April 30.—Hospitable. Prov. xviii., 1-5.

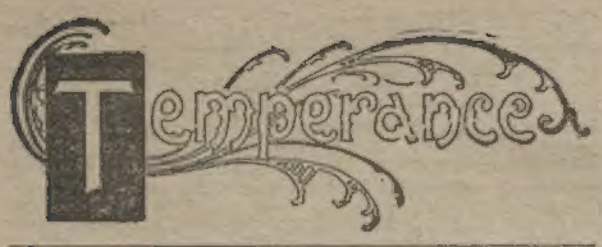
Friday, May 1.—Mighty in prayer. Prov. xv., 8.

Saturday, May 2.—Strong in faith. I. John v., 4.

Sunday, May 3.—Topic—Abram's Obedience and mine. Gen. xii., 1-9.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.



A Vision of Freedom.

(Charles R. Wakeley, in 'New Voice.')

Spread the good tidings from ocean to ocean,
Tell the glad story o'er land and o'er sea:
Souls still there are with such knightly devotion
They swear not to rest till God's people are free.

Free from each demon of wrong which enthralls them,
Free from each form of oppression and woe,
Free from each curse which o'erawes and appalls them
And hounds them and haunts them wherever they go.

Free from a traffic upheld by a nation,
Which preys on man's loftiest spirits and aims—
A traffic of death, which, unmindful of station,
Has blotched a bright world by its hideous stains.

A traffic which withers and blights man's ambition
For all that is worthy and noble and true,
Which opens hell's gates leading down to perdition,
And blocks the wise course which man else might pursue.

Long has the world in its quiet endeavor
Sought to restore the poor drunkard, in vain;
Sought by its tears to win back one who never
Could henceforth his own better nature maintain.

Patiently, trusting some great intervention
Of God might be wrought in the oncoming years,
Suppressing a wrong which can only find mention
To fitly describe it in heartbreaks and tears.

Prayers, earnest prayers, have been offered unceasing,
Tears, scalding tears, have descended like rain,
Still have the evils of drink been increasing,
Still have man's pleadings and tears seemed in vain.

Seemed but vain! Ah they were vain but in seeming.
Prayer never sprang from the heart but was heard.
And man's yearning cry shall at length prove the meaning
By which the deep pulse of the world shall be stirred.

Already the far distant thunders do mutter;
Already the cloud, though but small, has appeared.
Soon Truth shall gleam forth and soon Justice shall utter
Her voice in the thunders which shall be revered.

And out from the dust which shall cover the highways,
And out from the waters which circle the shore,
And out from the thickets which shelter the byways,
God's army, whose numbers is legion, shall pour.

No longer imploring—in strength now demanding;
In weakness no longer, but fulness of power;
No longer the timid—but now the commanding,
The loyal, the mighty, the men of the hour.

Contented no more with a childish submission
While pleading for crumbs which in mercy might fall—
But defying the strength of the whole opposition,
In God's name demanding its life and its all.

Then spread the good tidings from ocean to ocean,
And tell the glad story on land and on sea—
Those forces long sleeping are rousing to motion,
Nor will they be stilled till our nation is free.

Chicago's Biggest Fire.

Now and then we read references to 'Chicago's big fire,' or Boston's or London's, but the terrible conflagration of '71 was not Chicago's biggest fire. A man might perhaps be considered crazy if, every time he passed a saloon, he should run to the nearest fire-alarm box and send a call for the engines; (and in most cities, except Portland, Me., it would keep a man pretty busy doing it). But he would be saner than most people imagine, for the saloon stands for the most inflammatory and destructive forces in the city. If the saloons and breweries and distilleries were compelled to pay an indemnity for the damage they inflict upon society one-tenth as heavy in proportion as that the Powers have levied on China, every whiskey dealer in the country would be bankrupt before the year was ended.

Chicago's biggest fire is burning now, night and day, and so is Boston's and London's. The fire department can't put it out. There isn't water enough in the Atlantic Ocean, unless applied as in Noah's time. The police can help quench it, but usually won't. Sometimes it takes the militia.

As an illustration of the fact that whiskey causes worse conflagrations than fire, the first thing done after the Jacksonville fire was to send armed men to all the saloons that were left, and compel them to close.

A temperance legislature could help put the fire out. In some States fearless sheriffs, like Sheriff Pearson, of Portland, could help put it out. But the Christian voters, the Christian educators, the Christian mothers and fathers, must do most to extinguish the flames. And they must watch to see that the incendiaries do not kindle new fires in new places, for over against the kindergartens, and Loyal Legions, and temperance Sunday-school lessons, and mothers' meetings, the saloon has its kindergarten methods; its free treating of boys; its wine and brandy drops sold by many confectioners to school children, and Sunday-school children as they pass; the deadly cigarette, that not only destroys boys on its own account, but creates an appetite for strong drink; its wine and brandy pudding sauces, and pies and sherbets; its malt extracts for mothers, and its soda-fountain drinks, and bottled root beers, many of which contain just enough alcohol to kindle tiny sparks of appetite in human nature and thus start new fires burning.

Isaiah hit modern life capitally when he said that drink made men forget God. One need spend a few evenings only in any city mission where efforts are made to reclaim drunkards, to find besotted men, with more beastly resemblances than human, who were once members of the church, and some of them class-leaders, or Sunday-school teachers, or the sons of deacons or ministers.

Down at the Merrimac Street mission, in Boston, it is not an uncommon thing to have a man turn up who is thoroughly versed in the Bible, and yet so drunk that he can hardly speak intelligibly. They catch up the speaker in a minute if he misquotes a passage of Scripture, and they know about the hymns, who wrote them, and how they should be sung. They haven't forgotten these things, but they have forgotten their reverence, their love, their duty, their relationship to God. Alcohol makes more practical atheists than a thousand Ingersols.—The Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D., in 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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The following are the contents of the issue of April 11, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

How are Securities Digested?—New York 'World.'
'Undigested Securities'—New York 'Evening Post.'
Labor for the Rand—'Daily News,' London.
Transvaal Side of the Labor Question—From the Correspondent of the 'Daily News,' London.
Chamberlain on the Labor Question in Africa—'The Times,' London.
England and the Black Races—'Public Opinion,' London.
Buckingham Palace Impressions—'The Westminster Budget.'
Dean Farrar—'The Times,' London; the Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Reminiscences of Dean Farrar—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Fallen—J. M.
From Private to Major-General—'The Daily Chronicle,' London.
Australia's Water Scheme—'The Morning Post,' London.
The Making of Speeches—By T. P. O'Connor, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Art and Artifice—Forgeries Treasured by the Nation—'The Daily News,' London.
The Alleged Art Forgeries—'The Times,' London.
The Kaiser as an Opera Inspirer—'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Christ Arose on Easter Day—Poem by Phillips Brooks.
Our Age—John G. Whittier, published for the first time. 'The Outlook,' New York.
The Professor and the Poet—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Mr. Rudyard Kipling—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Return of the Angels—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
L'Affaire Loisy—By A. L. Lilley, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Humor and Friendship—'The Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Handicraft of Cookery—By F. A. Steel, in the 'Saturday Review,' London, abridged.
Wild Cattle—'The Standard,' London. Condensed.
English in the Home—'The Outlook,' New York.
Petroleum Oil vs. Coal as Fuel—'Railway and Locomotive Engineering,' New York.
Risks of the Chemist—'Daily News,' London.

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Correspondence

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My elder sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading it very much, and after we have read them we send them to the 'Little Girls' Home.' Besides my sister, I have my mamma and two brothers, but they are both away from home, but no papa; he died four months ago. B. McI. (age 11).

Belwood.

Dear Editor,—My grandma takes the 'Messenger.' She lives with us on the farm, and we all like the paper. I have one sister and one brother. My sister was very sick a week ago, but she is better now. We have thirty-two pigs, six horses, three calves, twenty-one cattle, and about sixty hens. My brother and I go to school nearly every day, but we have not gone this last week, as the Irwin river runs between here and the school, and the water flooded the road and we could not get across, but the water is down now. We go to Sunday-school about nine months in the year. We have a large Sunday-school, and we have a Christmas tree nearly every year. Our preacher's name is the Rev. A. MacI. All the people like him very much I received the Bagster Bible, and think it a nice one, and any of my friends who have seen it think it a very nice Bible for getting five new subscribers for your paper. WILLIE L.

Reno, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I will give you a little history of my trip last fall. We went to Sorento, and got on the train, went to St. Louis, Mo., and changed trains, then went to Kansas City, Mo. Then we changed trains and went on to Pueblo, Colo., to see my grandpa and grandma, and four uncles and two aunts, for about two weeks. Then we got on the train and came to Topeka, Kan., to see my other grandpa and grandma, and another aunt and uncle, and we stayed there about a week. Then we returned to my home in Reno, Ill. If the readers of this paper do not know where the places I have mentioned are, they might enjoy hunting them up. I forgot to tell you that while at Pueblo a party of thirteen of us took a trip up to the Rocky Mountains. We had our pictures taken several times while there. The day before we went back to Pueblo five or six of us went about a mile from camp to see a big rock called Bear's Head. I have given a good many papers away, and have got four subscribers.

LOY A. (age 13).

Brookvale, Mid Musq.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old, living in the centre of Brookvale, which is quite a small place, and not very thickly settled. I live about two or three minutes' walk from the hall and schoolhouse. We have Sunday-school in summer, Mr. John Archibald being the superintendent, but in winter it is too cold for Sunday-school. I am nearly through the third book, and hope to go into the fourth. We have had some good skating this winter. I never saw a train till this winter, when my papa took me to Stewiacke Station. I don't think I would like to be on a train very long. I have two little sisters and one sister seventeen years old. I often wish I had a little brother to play with. My papa has quite a large stock, and I help him a lot. We tend Mr. Harry MacFetridge's barn, and every night I pump water for the cattle.

My grandfather lives six miles from here, in Glenmore; but it is so cold in the winter I do not get up to see them very often. We go to the Presbyterian Church in Middle Musquo, which is about two miles from here. Papa keeps the post-office, and our stage-driver is Mr. M. H. He makes a fine driver, for he is so obliging to all. He comes here about ten or half-past from Moose River Gold Mines, and takes our mail to Mid Musquo, then he brings the mail here in the afternoon about three o'clock. I have taken the 'Messenger' a year, and before that my sister took it. We like the paper very much. This is the first letter I have ever written. AUBREY C. R.

Hardwicke Village, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have read your letters for a long time, but have never taken courage to write. I have taken the 'Messenger' since I was a little girl. I got it as a birthday present from my aunt, and now my grandpa gets it for me. We live on Miramichi Bay, near Fox Island. I go to school every day. I have one and a quarter miles to go. I study arithmetic, physics, chemistry, botany, algebra, and geometry. I have one sister, whose name is Lottie. I had another sister named Bessie. I have two brothers, Archie and Roy. I like reading, my favorite authors being Louisa A. Alcott, Ralph Conner and Martha Finlay. I am twelve years old. My father is dead. For pets I have a dog named Prince, and he is older than I am. I have two cats, Jack and Polly. Polly went away, and we have not seen her since. I will close, hoping to write again. Wishing the 'Northern Messenger' success,

KATIE C. M.

Fowler, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy thirteen years old. I live on a farm of seventy acres. I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger' before. I have one sister and no brothers. My papa has four horses, thirty-two sheep, thirteen pigs, and three cows and five calves. I go to school every day, and am in the eighth grade. I husked three hundred and twenty bushels of corn last fall. How is that for husking corn, boys? I like to go fishing and hunting. I have taken the 'Messenger' for about five years, and like it very much.

MILES W. T.

Boston, Mass.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' was given to me as a Christmas present. I think it is the best little paper I know of. On seeing the other little letters in your paper, I concluded to write also. I go to the Phillips school. It has fifteen hundred boys. It is said to be the largest of its kind in America. There are sixty boys in my room. We all hope to graduate. I belong to the Frances E. Willard Settlement, which has twenty-four clubs. I am a president of one of the clubs. We have ten boys. We meet every Wednesday and weave baskets. Enclosed I send picture of our Capitol, which I took with my camera and developed myself. In the State House there are the flags of every state in the Union. I am fourteen years old.

LEON W. B.

(Thank you, Leon, for that interesting and neatly executed photograph.—Ed.)

Denver, Col.

Dear Editor,—We have only lived here about three months. We left our old home in Kansas last April, and went to Whatcom, Washington. On going there we passed through the Royal Gorge. It was grand. The great Mountains rose up high above us. They seemed to pierce the sky, and were so close together that there was only room enough for the railway and the river. We have taken the 'Messenger' for years, and I think of sending it to one of the great hospitals. I am in the seventh grade, and am thirteen years old. My birthday is on March 15. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. We have lovely scenery here.

ALLETTA J.

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Editor,—As I have taken the 'Messenger' for eight years, I thought it about time that I should write a letter for the paper. I am a girl fourteen years old, and live with my mother. My father and brother died several years ago. I go to the Old Cambridge Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Bradbury is the pastor, which we like very much. I also belong to the Junior Christian Endeavor. I am on the prayer meeting committee. I go to school in our new schoolhouse, which has just been finished this last year. There are about seven hundred pupils in our school, and each room averages about fifty. Old Cambridge is the seat of Harvard University, and averages about four thousand students. Radcliffe College averages about four hundred students.

There is one public library and one large college library, besides smaller ones. There are also four grammar schools, one Latin school, one high school, and a manual training school in the city of Cambridge alone. Best of all, Cambridge is a no license city, and has been for many years. I spend my summers in Sunner, Maine, with my cousins, and have a splendid time. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. My brother that died took this paper for six years. EDITH S. W.

Riverdale Farm, Hepworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. Father has taken the 'Messenger' for twenty-three years. We all like it very much. We live near Hepworth, and the Sauble River runs through our farm. It is a big river, and we get lots of fish there in the spring. We live six miles from Lake Huron. It is a lovely place for a picnic. We can run for miles along the shore almost without leaving a mark, for the sand is so smooth and hard, and the water is so shallow that we can wade out a long way. We go there once or twice every summer for a holiday.

JENNIE M. C. (age 8).

Raglan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and would not like to do without it. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have one sister and four brothers, and one brother dead. I go to school every day, and am in the third reader. We live on a farm about half a mile from Raglan Village. Our teacher's name was Miss K. We had a splendid concert at Christmas, and gave her a nice present when she was leaving. Our next teacher was Mr. C. We all liked him very much, but he left in a week on account of ill-health. Mr. M. is at presest our teacher. Grandpa, the late Mr. McL., had taken the 'Weekly Witness' for fifty-three years, and the 'Messenger' ever since it was published. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. We are all in favor of temperance. My father belongs to the Royal Templars Lodge. I have a pet cat, named Niger. I am ten years old.

EMMA I. B.

Campbellton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have just taken up a course of manual training lately. I live in Campbellton, and it is a very pretty place, especially in summer. Our house is on a high hill, overlooking the beautiful Restigouche river. Many vessels and steamers come here in summer, waiting to be loaded. We have in our town eleven hotels, five churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, English and Catholic. We just have one hospital. There is a French school and a public school. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and church. A little while ago, the president of our mission band gave us ten cents for talent money, to see who could make the most out of it. On the nineteenth of January we had the worst storm that has occurred for two or three years. Papa had to make a road for us. My sister Della froze her two ears and her cheek. The 'Messenger' has been my greatest pleasure ever since we have taken it, especially the Little Folks and Correspondence.

LENA I. C.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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CONSOLATION PRIZE—If any of those who start out to get the above club find that they cannot get them all, we will send our Number 2 Fountain Pen, so long as they send us at least five subscriptions to the end of the year at 20c each. This pen is highly recommended by the manufacturer. The nib is gold-plated, flow of ink free, without leaking. A delightful pen to write with. Surprising value. Of course, this pen does not cost as much as our No. 1, and will probably not wear so long, but it has been used by several of the managers of departments in the 'Witness' Office with great satisfaction. Every one that sees it wonders how we can offer it on such easy terms.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Sleep.

('American Paper.')

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not because it is more important, but because it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from good sleep. Of two men or women otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the more satisfactorily will be the more healthy, moral, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and unhappiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed a long list might be made of nervous disorders and other maladies that sleep will cure. Sleeplessness is best cured by a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

A 'Mother's Room' in Every Church.

The church of Christ is designed to reach and save all classes, and it is a serious question whether the edifices of the Protestant branches of the church are not specially and only fitted in their appointments to the needs of the more favored classes. In the construction of every church edifice, some provision should be made for the needs of mothers who are compelled to bring their small children with them, or otherwise remain away. There are a few churches in the United States where an ante-rooom has been provided, well fitted and furnished, equipped with cradles and such other needs as would enable mothers, in the event of a child becoming restless, to retire from the main audience-room into the mother's room. It is at least an open question whether any church is fully equipped which does not provide for the needs of this large class, both in the cities and in the open country. These people now remain away from church simply because they have no one with whom to leave the children, and there is no provision made for them at the church. This seeming necessity leads from temporary habit to permanent absence on the part of one or both of the parents, and causes, in multitudes of cases, that the children walk in the same paths of neglect. If all churches were arranged to meet this need, great changes would be wrought in many homes which are now Christless because the wife and mother cannot attend church while her children are small, and is consequently compelled to remain at home. The presence of the wife in many cases secures the attendance of the husband, and the children would also early form the habit of church attendance.—From 'Methods of Church Work,' a new book by the Rev. Sylvanus Stall, A.M.

A man's skill depends much upon his observation, and a great deal on home training in youth. Mothers should teach their boys to wait upon themselves, also to wait upon others, and they should be trained slowly and kindly to habits of thoughtful consideration, which will be of great advantage to them when they are older.

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